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## THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 30, 1850.

For the National Era,  
THE PUBLIC HEART.

THE RULE OF RIGHT—MAN'S MORAL SENSE.

BY ISAAC H. JULIAN.

"I will place within them as a guide  
My upright Conscience"

GO TO MILTON.

Oh! listen to the throbbings of the mighty public heart!  
Beating strong for Truth and Justice, bidding knave and  
tyrant start!

God is speaking in its cadences, He gave its earliest tone,  
And it still repeats the harmony nearest to its throne!  
As, like a fount outgushing in purity and force,  
It springs and swells eternally, aspiring to its Source.

Is human nature wholly false? Does Mammon reign ex-  
preme?

Is there no lightning-ray divine, its darkness to redeem?  
Let again Athene answer, trembling here in the dust,  
Healing not her gross Thetis' tears, but Aristide's just!

Let Green unveil an answer, when Flaminia's decree  
Avoiced this thunder of her voice for new-found liberty!

Let Britain's millions answer, who, forgetting their own  
wrongs,  
Struck eight hundred thousand manacles from slavery's  
crouching throng,  
And antedated heavenly bliss in grateful freemen's song!

Yes, the selfsame sun whose morning beams alone sail  
on the calm  
And melancholy beauty of the slave-trooping Isles of balm,  
Heard their song of freedom rise at eve to Heaven like a  
psalm!

Let thy France make answer—never call her struggles  
vain!  
Behold her crying out God for liberty again!  
While the tyrants on her gather, who, with countenance  
serene,  
With a glory streaming round him, rise up to still the  
scene!

'Tis the poet Christiane's strains, immortal Lamartine!  
He speaks—rises and glances, and the cry for human  
blood,  
Are drawn! in oceans of liberty, and songs of brotherhood!

Nation calls to nation, as deep ananias' note deep—  
And, to thy soul, Columbia! arouse as from sleep!  
Arise—and the fetters which bound her in her shame,  
Part asunder at her pining, as fate before the flame!

No blind agent at her pining, lying statement! If you can,  
And quell her pulse's throbbings for the holy right of man,  
You are wise in cordial crafts, ye are men of mighty  
deeds!

But know that your own heartlessness belongs not to your  
kind;  
And though, like Alpine summits, you may soar aloft to  
freedom,  
Your strength is as the slender reed, swayed by the evo-  
lution's breeze.

For the fount of human feeling, in an exhausted tide,  
Is pouring forth a lava flood to whelm you in your pride!  
Oh! listen to the throbbings of the mighty public heart!  
God is speaking in each cadence: "Let your sword arise  
depart!"

Man is more than food or raiment, more than gold or silver  
blood,  
Wealth and power are worthless bubbles, weighed against  
my Truth and Right!

Cease your impious machinations—dread the vengeance of  
my rod—  
Stay your insistent rebellion 'gainst the goodness of your  
God!

Mount Vernon, Linn County, Iowa.

For the National Era,  
APOLONIA JAGIELLO.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

During a late visit to Washington, it was my  
good fortune to become acquainted with Mlle.  
Jagiello, the Hungarian heroine, who was then  
staying at the house of her friend, M. Tyssowski.  
Becoming much interested in her, I requested to  
be allowed to write a sketch of her "strange,  
eventful history"—knowing that, in so doing,  
I should not only give myself a rare pleasure, but  
gratify my countrywomen, to most of whom the  
brilliant career of the brave woman-soldier is more  
a dazzling dream of romance than a simple reality.  
To assist me in this pleasant work, a friend  
of Mlle. Jagiello, Major Tochman, of Washing-  
ton, was so kind as to furnish me with some  
memoranda of facts, which she had communi-  
cated to him; and upon this authority I shall pro-  
ceed in my brief biography. These notes are not  
as full as I could desire in regard to the private  
life and personal relations of the heroine; but I  
understand that there are reasons why matters of  
this kind should not now be made public.

Apollonia Jagiello was born in Lithuania, a  
part of the land where Thaddeus Kosciuszko spent  
his first days. She was educated at Cracow, the  
ancient capital of Poland—a city filled with monu-  
ments and memorials sadly recalling to the mind  
of every Pole the past glory of his native land.  
There, and in Warsaw and Vienna, she passed  
the days of her early girlhood. She was about  
nineteen when the revolution of 1846 broke out  
at Cracow. "That revolution," says Major Toch-  
man, "so little understood in this country, al-  
though of brief duration, must and will occupy  
an important place in Polish history. It declared  
the emancipation of the peasantry and the aboli-  
tion of hereditary rank, all over Poland; pro-  
claimed equality, personal security, and the en-  
joyment of the fruits of labor, as inherent rights  
of all men living on Polish soil. It was sup-  
pressed by a most diabolical plot of the Austrian Gov-  
ernment. Its mercenary soldiery, disguised in  
the national costume of the peasants, excited  
against the nobility the ignorant portion of the  
peasantry in Galicia, which province, with other  
parts of ancient Poland, had to unite in insurrec-  
tion with the republic of Cracow. They were  
made to believe, by those vile emissaries, that the  
object of the nobility was to take advantage of  
the approaching revolution, to exact from them  
higher duties. In the mean time the civil and  
military officers of the Austrian Government cir-  
culated proclamations, at first secretly, then pub-  
licly, offering to the peasants rewards for every  
head of a nobleman, and for every nobleman de-  
livered into the hands of the authorities alive.  
Fourteen hundred men, women, and children, of  
noble families, were murdered by the thus excited  
and misled peasantry, before they detected the  
fraud of the Government. This paralyzed the  
revolution already commenced in Cracow.

"The Austrian Government, however, did not  
reap the full fruit of its villany; for when the  
peasants perceived it, they arrayed themselves  
with the friends of the murdered victims, and  
showed so energetic a determination to insist on  
the rights which the revolution at Cracow prom-  
ised to secure to them, that the Austrian Govern-  
ment found itself compelled to grant them many  
immunities."

This was the first revolution in which Mlle.  
Jagiello, who was then in Cracow, took an active  
part. She was seen on horseback, in the picto-  
resque costume of the Polish soldier, in the midst  
of the patriots who first planted the white eagle  
and the flag of freedom on the castles of the  
ancient capital of her country, and was one of the  
handful of heroes who fought the battle near  
Podgorze, against a ten-fold stronger enemy. Mr.

Tyssowski, now of Washington, was then invested  
with all civil and military power in the Republic.  
He was elevated to the dictatorship for the time  
of its danger, and by him was issued the cele-  
brated manifesto declaring for the people of Po-  
land the great principles of liberty to which we  
have already alluded. He is now a draughtsman  
in the employ of our Government.

After the Polish revolution which commenced  
in Cracow was suppressed, Mlle. Jagiello re-  
sumed female dress, and remained undetected for  
a few weeks in that city. From thence she re-  
moved to Warsaw, and remained there in the  
neighboring country, in quiet retirement among  
her friends. But the revolution of 1848 found  
her again at Cracow, in the midst of the combats.  
Alas! that revolution was but a dream—it  
accomplished nothing—it perished like all other  
European revolutions of that year, so great in  
grand promises, so mean in fulfillment. But  
their fire is yet smouldering under the ashes cov-  
ering the Old World—ashes white and heavy as  
death to the eye of the tyrant, but scarcely hiding  
the red life of a terrible retribution from the  
prophetic eye of the lover of freedom.

Mlle. Jagiello then left Cracow for Vienna,  
where she arrived in time to take a heroic part  
in the engagement at the faubourg Widen. But  
her chief object in going to Vienna was to inform  
herself of the character of that revolution, and  
to carry news to the Hungarians, who were then  
in the midst of a revolution, which she and her  
countrymen regarded as involving the liberation  
of her beloved Poland, and pressing the final  
regeneration of Europe. With the aid of devoted  
friends, she reached Presburg safely, and from  
that place, in the disguise of a peasant, was con-  
veyed by the Hungarian peasantry carrying pro-  
visions for the Austrian army, to the village of  
St. Paul.

After many dangers and hardships in crossing  
the country occupied by the Austrians, after swim-  
ming on horseback two rivers, she at last, on the  
15th of August, 1848, reached the Hunga-  
rian camp, near the village of Esezzy, just before  
the battle there fought, in which the Austrians  
were defeated, and lost General Wist. This was  
the first Hungarian battle in which our heroine  
took part as volunteer. She was soon promoted  
to the rank of lieutenant, and, at the request of  
her Hungarian friends, took charge of a hospital  
in Comorn. Whilst there, she joined, as volun-  
teer, the expedition of 12,000 troops, under the  
command of the gallant General Klapka, which  
made a sally, and took Raab. She returned in  
safety to Comorn, where she remained, superin-  
tending the hospital, until the capitulation of the  
fortress.

She came to the city of Vienna in December  
last, with Governor Ladislav Ujhazy and his family,  
where she and her heroic friends received a  
most enthusiastic welcome.

I know that many of my gentle and delicate  
countrywomen may shrink from a contemplation  
of the martial career of Mlle. Jagiello, or regard  
it with amazement and a half-fearful admiration.  
But they must remember for what a country she  
fought, with what an enemy she contended.  
Loving Poland with a love which had all the  
strength and fervor of a religion, and hating its  
haughty and brutal oppressors with all the in-  
tensity of a high and passionate nature, when the  
hour of uprising and fierce struggle came at last,  
could she do otherwise than join her brothers?  
To cheer them by her inspiring voice—to strike  
with them for the one glorious cause—a great  
purpose, making strong her girlish arm, and the  
dawn of a great hope brightening in her eyes.  
Ah! those beautiful eyes! How often must her  
brave followers, when sad and disheartened, have  
turned to them for cheer and guidance, drinking  
fresh courage from those fountains of light.

The eagerness with which our heroine took  
part in the Hungarian revolution, proved that  
her patriotism was not confined within the nar-  
row limits of her native land; that she loved  
freedom even more than Poland. In the situa-  
tion which she so readily filled in the hospital at  
Comorn, as the patient nurse of the wounded and  
the comfort of the dying, she revealed beneath  
the heroism of the soldier the tenderness of the  
woman—a heart within a heart. The hand which  
had clenched the sword with a firm grasp, and  
been stained with the blood of the Austrian, now  
looked very soft and fair as it smoothed the pil-  
low of the sick, or held the cooling draught to  
fever-parched lips; and the eye which had looked  
steadily on the mad rush, the flame and tumult of  
the fight, and flashed its beautiful defiance in the  
face of the advancing foe, grew wondrous pitiful  
as it gazed upon the bleeding and prostrate pa-  
tient, and dropped fast tears on the dead brow  
of a fellow-soldier.

The daughters of Poland and Hungary are a  
grand race of women. They do not assume the  
garb and take the arms of the soldier, nor do they  
terrible work, because they are stern, and hard,  
and warlike by nature, but because all that is  
dear to them on earth—home, honor, liberty, and  
love—are at stake. They fight with and for the  
best loved of their hearts—their great hearts,  
which cannot comprehend a feeling that would  
cause them to shrink from the side of a father,  
a husband, or a brother, in the hour of extremest  
peril. Their courage, after all, is of that quality  
which

"Is but the tender fierceness of the dove,  
Peeking the hand that hovers o'er its mate."

Many were the heroines actively engaged in  
serving the cause of Freedom during the Hunga-  
rian struggle. Not alone in the saddle and under  
arms, but in ways and capacities not less heroic  
and, though perhaps less imposing. General  
Pragay, in his work on Hungary, says:  
"No sooner had Windischgrätz gratified him-  
self with executions by the dozen, and guarded  
the bastions of Vienna with cannon, than he  
marched his disposable force, amounting to 72,000  
men, upon Hungary. It was quite impossible to  
resist such a power in extended cantonments, and  
after several unimportant actions, Gorgey ordered  
a general retreat to Raab, in the middle of De-  
cember. Here intrenchments were thrown up, on  
which the noblest ladies worked with their delicate  
hands."

A sister of Kosciuszko served during the war  
as general superintendent of hospitals; Mlle. Mary  
Lagos served as adjutant in the brigade of Gen-  
eral Ascherman. She was taken prisoner, and her  
fate is unknown. Mlle. Cawl served as captain;  
she was a niece of General Windischgrätz, and  
fought twice against the Austrians commanded  
by her uncle. She was taken prisoner in a battle  
fought against the infamous Haynau, and shot  
by his order.

Not vainly have those glorious women dared,  
and struggled, and endured, and died. The world  
needs such lessons of heroic devotion—the  
soul's greatness triumphant over mortal weak-  
ness—and their names, wreathed with the rose,  
the laurel, and the cypress, shall be kept in sweet  
and proud, and mournful remembrance, while  
heroes are honored, and great deeds can rouse  
human hearts, and while the tyrant is hated of  
man and accursed of God.

Mlle. Jagiello is now with us. She seems to  
regard the land of her adoption with admiration  
and affection, though looking on its beauty and  
grandeur through the tearful eyes of an exile.

Those of my readers who have never seen the  
Hungarian, or rather Polish heroine, may be in-  
terested in hearing something of her person.  
She is now about twenty-four, of medium height,

and quite slender. Her arm and hand are espe-  
cially delicate and beautiful, and her figure round  
and graceful. She is a brunette, with large dark  
eyes, and black, abundant hair. Her lips have  
an expression of great determination, but her  
smile is altogether charming. In that the woman  
comes out; it is arch, soft, and winning—a rare  
an indescribable smile. Her manner is simple  
and engaging; her voice is now gentle or mirth-  
ful, now earnest and impassioned—sometimes  
sounds like the utterance of some quiet, home-  
love, and sometimes starts you with a decided  
ring of the steel. Her enthusiasm and intensity  
of feeling reveal themselves in almost everything  
she says and does. An amusing instance was  
told me when in Washington. An album was one  
day handed her, for her autograph. She took it  
with a smile; but on opening it at the name of M.  
Bodisco, the Russian ambassador, pushed it from  
her with flashing eyes, refusing to appear in the  
same book with "the tool of a tyrant!"

Yet, after all, she is one to whom children go,  
feeling the charm of her womanhood, without  
being awed by her greatness. She bears herself  
with no military air; there is nothing much in  
manner to remind you of the camp, though much  
to tell you that you are in the presence of no ordi-  
nary woman.

The life of a soldier, with its dangers and pri-  
vations, with all its fearful contingencies, was not  
sought by Jagiello for its own sake, nor for the  
glory it might confer, but was accepted as the  
means to a great end. She believed that the path  
of her country led through the Red Sea of revolu-  
tion, to liberty and peace, and stood up bravely  
by the side of that country. Her young heart  
fired, and her slender arm nerved with a courage  
that knew no fear.

As the women of America have given their ad-  
miration to her heroism, they will give also, and  
more abundantly, their sympathy to her misfor-  
tune. She bears to our shores a weary and an  
almost broken heart. May she here find repose  
and consolation, while awaiting that brighter day,  
which shall surely dawn for her unhappy  
country, as freedom is the primal right of man, as  
oppression is a falsehood and a wrong, and as God  
is over all.

For the National Era,  
BESSIE LINDSAY; OR, THE HOYTEN TAMED.

BY MARY IRVING.

"Come to our hearth and home, Charles—we  
will give you a welcome for your poor mother's  
sake, as well as your own. They tell you you're  
pinning away off in that pent-up city, and going  
the way of the wind. Don't kill yourself studying,  
my boy; it's a sin, besides being a folly. Come  
into the country for a bit of fresh air and  
fresh life! I haven't seen you for many a year,  
Charles; but if you're akin to the little shaver  
that used to chase my oxen and hunt my hens'  
nests a dozen years ago, why, you'll still find  
something to stir your blood on Squire Lindsay's  
old-fashioned place. My poor wife has been dead  
these nine years come next Christmas; but I have  
girls enough to keep the old house lively, and not  
a bit of a 'liddle' among them. Come, Charles,  
I'm in right down earnest. My girls want a  
brother, I want a son, and you—you want a home  
and good nursing. I can't forget that you are  
Alice Wilson's boy—the child of my own favorite  
cousin; and there's a sort of rising in my heart  
when I remember it, that gives me a kind of feel-  
ing of claim on you. So come, my boy, now don't  
refuse an old friend's homely, blunt way of ask-  
ing. Come to us for the whole summer!"

Thus ran the warm-hearted letter which  
Charles Franklin stood reading, one pleasant eve  
of spring-time, by the twilight gleams that glanc-  
ed through a high western window in a city block.  
There was a grateful, almost buoyant smile on his  
countenance, but it was unmistakably "sicklied  
o'er with the pale cast of thought." Charles  
Franklin had buried, six months before, a mother  
almost idolized—a mother whose moonlight smile  
from her sick chamber had shed a sombre cheer-  
fulness over his whole young life. She was his  
only remembered parent, and remembered as al-  
ways a sufferer. He had left his college course  
to follow her to the far South, and there soothe her  
last hours. She had breathed out her calm life  
on his shoulder, and he had come back to active  
life with the "shadow of a great grief" on his  
futuraity.

Yet he shrank not from the battle-field of  
Duty into the morass of Melancholy. He felt  
that her angel eye was watching him from the  
skies; he knew how she would have striven to  
nurture in his heart these seeds of patience, for-  
titude, and disinterestedness, which she had  
planted there from her own. "I will fulfil a de-  
sire she shall smile upon!" was his resolve.  
With the yow of a high and holy profession upon  
his spirit, he threw himself again into the arena  
of study, and wrestled with the masters of old, as  
one who was determined to rife their most hid-  
den treasures. But the conflict with emotions thus  
nobly conquered had left his spirit's tenement too  
weak for the weight of duty he laid upon it; and  
sudden illness came to suspend for a time his  
plans.

The sharp visage of his "tutelary Esculapius"  
protruded itself through the doorway just as  
Charles was thoughtfully refolding his letter.  
"Walk in, walk in, Doctor! good evening!"  
exclaimed he, advancing a chair, toward which  
the portly Dr. strode with a sort of impatient  
dignity.

"Books! books again!" growled he, thumping  
his knuckles upon the well-strewn study table  
beside him. "What were my orders, young man?"  
"Only recreation, Doctor! Positively I was  
tiring to death of nothing to do, so I took up my  
Trigonometry for an hour only!"  
"Trigonometry be hanged! or you will be—  
worse off!" exclaimed the offended dignitary,  
frowning fearfully as he rolled up his cuffs for  
the preparation of some powders. "I wish you  
were away from under this roof and my care!  
These obstinate fellows! they are enough to  
ruin any clever man's reputation!"

"Ah! well, Doctor, what do you think of des-  
patching me into the country for a month or two?  
I have just received an invitation from a kind  
old friend, a connection of my mother's."  
"Go! go! by all that's hopeful!" exclaimed  
the physician. "There's no rest or respite for  
you here, I say plainly enough. Go upon a farm—  
hoe corn—dig ruta-bagas—hunt—swim—flirt  
with the country girls; do anything but study!  
and you may throw physic to the dogs, with my  
heartiest amen!"

"It is a journey of a hundred miles, Doctor.  
How soon is it advisable for me to set out?"  
"This week—to-morrow—by all means, if you  
can. Be off with yourself forthwith! and mind!  
don't let me see you again until you are ruddy!"  
"I shall be back as a young one!" solilo-  
quized the crest-fallen Aunt Hetty, returning to  
her wash-tub, and wisely exhausting her ire upon  
its contents.

Bessie returned in the anticipated disgrace at  
the sight of her mother's face. "The good Doctor  
has sent me to bed, and he says I shall never  
be well again—until I deserve it!"  
"Oh dear, dear! I wish I was dead!"  
She looked up, for Cousin Charles stood lean-  
ing against the pear-tree near. With an impulse  
she sprang toward him, and with a fresh, un-  
controlled burst of tears, said:  
"Forgive me, oh forgive me, and love me again,  
Cousin Charles!"

And Bessie was forgiven and loved.  
The evening before the day of his departure  
from the city, Charles had called on the good Doctor's  
prescriptions, even to the matter of diet, for the  
escorting his gay, good-humored cousin Thers-  
a to all the singing schools and simple soirees  
of the country might be viewed in the light  
of a duty of good conduct. But his mind was  
not so easily lulled by the thought of his  
little Bessie alone. The originality of the child's  
spirit delighted him, more than he felt it to  
be a mine worked by his hand only.

"I shall find her to write legibly for me  
when I return next year, Bessie," said he, as they sat  
together on their favorite knoll, watching the  
ripples of the brook while they chattered to  
the pebbles below—quite grown into Aunt Hetty's  
idea of a useful means of society!"

"Oh, Cousin Charles, indeed! I never can be any-  
thing good with Aunt Hetty! It is only you that  
make another being of me. I wish I could always  
be with you!"  
And she burst into tears.

"Oh! you are clouding my last evening's sun-  
shine, Bessie!" and he took the sobbing child  
upon his knee.  
"Would it mend the matter if I were to write  
you?"  
"Will you write to me, Cousin Charles?"  
She looked up eagerly, but dropped her eyes again,  
stammering, "I write very miserable letters,  
Cousin—very bad ones indeed; I don't believe  
you could read one!"

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And she burst into tears.

starting off like an antelope toward the little  
grove. The challenge was too tempting; and  
Charles soon found himself dragged through  
bush and thicket, in the zeal of his pursuit;  
while the little dryad, far in advance of him,  
turned every few moments, to clap her hands with  
a cheering laugh. He reached the foot of the  
first oak tree, where she stood, and, panning with  
the unwieldy excresce, threw himself upon the  
mossy knoll at her feet. She unflinched, un-  
winded, bent her wild eyes upon him with a mixture  
of childish triumph and wonder.

"No wonder that you make patch-work of your  
frocks, little Miss Harum-scarum!" exclaimed  
her half-breathed cousin. "I only wonder at  
what is left of you, after such wild-goose chases as  
this!"  
Bessie laughed immediately. "Oh! I do so  
love running!"

"Love running! that is very evident, little  
gipsy! and what else do you love?"  
"I love my father!" she exclaimed—a quick  
ray from the heart-mirror within lighting up her  
fine eyes.

"And your sisters?"  
"No, not all. Mary, sometimes, when she  
is not too busy, and Rissy well enough, but—"  
And Bessie's face was a sweet little cherub.  
"Yes—but she tells tales of me," murmured  
Bessie, rather bitterly.

"No! I hate Aunt Hetty!" replied the child,  
energetically.  
"And study?" The mischievous smile would  
wreath his lips this time, and Bessie's penetra-  
ting eye would look it in.

"Fanny!"  
"But tell me what you do love?" persisted he—  
"fishing?"  
"Yes! fishing and berrying—and robins and  
bluebirds and clover-hens and chickens—and  
larks—and Cuckoos! Leopold!"

"Do you love me, Bessie?"  
She glanced at him, as if suspecting some new  
quintessence. "I don't know yet. You don't look odd-  
ish—and you run pretty well. Ha! and Bessie  
said that a merry poet had walked the twilight  
echoes of the 'good green wood'!"

"I think we must be friends," said Charles,  
pulling her to the grass beside him. "Come,  
make me your confidant. You were in disgrace  
last night! For what? An arithmetical lesson?"  
"Yes, sir!"

"And you don't love to study arithmetic?"  
"No! I hate it with all my heart!"  
"Just as Aunt Hetty tells me," she replied,  
with an indifferent smile.

"But you are not always to be a little girl,  
Bessie. What will you make of yourself when  
you grow to a woman?"  
"I don't know! I'll be?" she repeated, as if the  
thought were a new one.

"A washerwoman?"  
She laughed. "No, I rather guess not. Would  
you hire me?"  
"You are likely to be nothing better, if  
you never learn anything!"

"Bessie, I'll make a bargain with you."  
"Well!"  
"You will give me lessons in running and  
scrubbing! I will give you lessons in arithmetic!"

"Will you really, though, cousin?" she ex-  
claimed, amused by the novelty of the idea.  
"Yes! I will be at your call for a race in any  
weather, if you will recite the lessons I shall give  
you; and they shall be short and easy ones.  
There! this shall be a secret of our own—not  
even your mother shall know!"

Bessie jumped from the knoll in ecstasy, and  
flew for her dog-eared arithmetic. For a few  
days all went on swimmingly. Bessie cultivated  
the society of her sister with all assiduity, and  
then sprang gleefully to her ramble or her ride  
in the country.

Saturday afternoon came. The sun shone  
brightly enough to tempt an anchorite out of his  
cell. Charles was away; Bessie found her wits  
entangled among the mysteries of decimal frac-  
tions. A hum-buzzing buzz buzzed past the blind,  
and a whistled herself in its place. Whistling  
soon led to singing; book and slate were thrust  
aside on a sudden impulse, as she tumbled out  
of the window in chase of a gold-speckled butterfly.  
Once in her native element, she was as irre-  
pressible as a wave from the ocean. Sunset came,  
bringing the remorse of duty undone, and the  
forfeiting of a friend offended. "He will scold  
me, perhaps," thought she. "I don't care!" but  
her thoughtful countenance belied the expression  
of her words.

Charles spoke no word of reproach; but the  
shade of disappointment that stole over his face  
was a weightier punishment. That night, for the  
first time in her life, Bessie hid a candle under  
the bush, and hid her book and her slate. The  
study of the rocks and flowers, among  
his nimble-fingered cousin led him, was a  
daily joy; and the study of that same little cou-  
sin's character became his most delightful one.

Did you ever watch the unfolding of that bud  
of a cherry, and feel how the heart grows young  
again in its fragrance? If so,  
you will not smile at the hitherto isolated col-  
league, who had thrown off all the constraints of his  
student dignity, and felt himself again a farmer's  
boy, with all his joys and sorrows.

"Down! Carlo, down!" cried Bessie to her  
pet dog, as he was scampering up a steep bank, at  
whose top a magnificent cardinal flower was tow-  
ering. She had set her heart upon pulling it for  
her mother's bouquet. The dog saw her, and in  
chase, and sprang gleefully forward, crushing the  
precious treasure at one bound. Bessie's wild  
will was aroused; she caught up the nearest stone  
in a twinkling, and threw it with all her force at  
the culprit. The poor dog fell, moaning bitter-  
ly—its leg was broken.

"Bessie, it was cruel! it was unwomanly!" ex-  
claimed her cousin, in indignant tones, as he  
sprang past her to the wounded animal. Her  
cheeks were yet crimsoned with the surges of  
passion.

"I don't care! I was never out to be womanly!"  
And she bounded off into the thick wood.  
"Utterable!" ejaculated Charles, sighing as  
he bore home the poor victim of her rashness, and  
carefully bandaged its leg.

He very soon found that whatever good facul-  
ties the child possessed were locked up in an ob-  
stinate self-defense. The dog saw her, and in  
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long, bright months, after I graduate, we shall  
spend together. Look forward when you are  
lonely, Bessie!"

When the next year brought Farmer Lind-  
sey's amateur assistant to his post and to his  
working-frook again, he almost started with sur-  
prise at the apparition that sprang first and fore-  
most to greet him. The "little hoyden," of his  
time was completely disguised in the bright, liv-  
ely, but gracefully-grown girl of a year older. Still  
a world of wilfulness sparkled in her eyes, and  
she loved the communion of sky and breeze as  
well as ever, but her girlish pride of appearance  
had been roused to life, and she pressed that  
Charles had thrown into the latent mine of intel-  
lect had not gone out in darkness. It was now  
her delight to learn, as it was his to teach her.

"We must send Bessie to boarding-school!"  
exclaimed the delighted father, as some of her  
drawings were laid before him by her enthusias-  
tic teacher.

Bessie's countenance fell.  
"It would be so tedious!" she murmured.  
"Don't you think I should be expelled the first  
week, Cousin?"  
"For my sake, and for your father's, try, Bessie!"  
whispered Charles. And Bessie woke a  
worthy resolve. The same day that carried her  
to the Seminary, she saw her self-appointed  
tutor arranging his lonely little room in the  
Theological Seminary of a distant city.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES E. CLARKE, OF NEW YORK.

On the Bill establishing the Boundary between Texas  
and New Mexico.

Delivered in the House of Representatives, Aug. 30, 1850.

The House having under consideration Senate  
bill respecting the







feelings, so vigorous with his pen, so frank and fearless in the utterance of his own convictions, unpalatable as they sometimes are to a majority of the American People. He is a hot partisan, and his prejudices lead him to do injustice to his political opponents, especially those of the Free Soil school—but he is no skulker, no hypocrite, no doughtless—he does not cry, art thou wilt, my brother! while he takes you by the beard and plants a dagger under your fifth rib. We prefer him infinitely as an opponent, to any Northern doughface, who might be selected to fill his place, with a view to play a double game in politics, and harmonize contradictions by a humbug.

LITERARY NOTICES.

GIBSON'S DECLINE AND FALL. Vol. V. N. Y. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Frank Taylor, Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C.

We have received the last volumes of this new, neat, and convenient edition of Gibson's Decline and Fall, by the Harpers. Several times have we had occasion to bring it to the notice of our readers.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ROBERT SOUTHBY. Part V. Published and for sale as above.

One more number will complete this republication. It is a work full of intellectual entertainment. We observe frequent references to Americans and American authors in this Part, marked by great liberality. His biographer says that he was always rejoiced at an opportunity of showing attention to Americans, especially as he had been unjustly accused of holding and expressing opinions very unfavorable to their country. The anti-American diatribes in the Quarterly Review he protested against privately, condemning the spirit in which they were written.

DICTIONARY OF MECHANICS: ENGINE WORK AND ENGINEERING. No. 16. Oliver Byrne, Editor. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by F. Farham, Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C.

This work sustains its character, and its typographical execution is worthy of all praise.

PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. By Benson J. Lossing. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Frank Taylor, Washington.

There is no falling off in this very beautiful publication. The embellishments and illustrations are exquisite. Our readers will remember that it is devoted to illustrations by pen and pencil of the history, scenery, biography, relics, and traditions of the war for independence.

THE ILLUSTRATED DOMESTIC BIBLE. By Rev. Isaac Cobbin, A. M. Nos. 3 and 4. New York: Samuel Houston. For sale by W. Adams, Bookseller, Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C.

We take pleasure in again commending this work to the favor of our readers. Its peculiar features, making it an admirable family Bible, we pointed out a few weeks since. It will be completed in twenty numbers, at 25 cents each.

HISTORY OF DARIUS THE GREAT. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Frank Taylor, Washington.

The series of biographies prepared by Mr. Abbott for the young has been of real service to those who have been so fortunate as to be put in possession of them. They are well adapted to the taste and capacity of youth, and the author labors to imbue them with just and generous sentiments.

HEALTH, DISEASE, AND REMEDY. By George Moore, M. D. Published and for sale as above.

Dr. Moore has done much to inform the masses of the People, by presenting professional or abstract truth in a popular and practical form. He is already known as the author of two works on the relations between the mind and the body. The one before us, treating of a subject in which all are deeply interested, in a style suited to the comprehension of all, ought to have an extensive circulation.

MARSHBURY'S QUARTERLY REVIEW. September, 1850.

A note by the editor informs us that this independent and spirited Review ceases with the present number—a matter of regret, for we do not know precisely what will take its place. We have here the editor's due contribution, in an article, to some persons perhaps more curious than edifying, on the different chronologies of the New Testament. This, with one from Mr. Burney, on the political "crisis" we have just survived, will prove the main attraction. For the others, we trust to their authors' names.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. September, 1850.

We were in calling this a quarterly. It comes once in two months, and makes two fair volumes annually, at two dollars each. This number is chiefly remarkable for a capital Editor's Table, near twenty close pages of "Literary Intelligence," or comments in general. There are three excellent theological articles—an address by Dr. Burman on theological study, an account and criticism of Fenebach, and one on Purser's book recently noticed by us; the others are more general, and good as usual. An uncommonly pleasant brief one is that on Architecture.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW. July, 1850. New York: Leonard Scott, & Co. For sale by W. Adams, Washington, D. C.

We do not undertake to characterize all our articles, but this seems to us an unusually valuable number. The article on Leonardo da Vinci is, perhaps, more laboriously and ambitiously than well done. That on "Prostitution," or the causes, conditions, and victims of immorality in cities, is an eminently able, humane, thoughtful, and practical treatment on a subject, which, from its terror and hopelessness, most moralists have "passed by on the other side." The more one knows of it, the more he feels that it cannot be passed, silently and safely. One of the foreign notes has an excellent discussion of the position and employment of women. In fact, it would be a long task to enumerate all the topics which this admirable review deals with, at once so gravely and hopefully.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. July, 1850. Published and for sale as above.

It is part of the established merit of this review, to have put forth the capital series of papers on the great works of Britain—the Railway, the Tubular Bridge, and now the Mechanism of the Post Office. What can we say more for this number than that it contains one of the series? To tell the truth, for want of time we have read none of the others with proper care, save that on spectacles. The printer will not wait for us to finish those on Condorcet, National Workshops, and the Austrian Revolution, of which we reserve our opinion accordingly.

EDINBURGH REVIEW. July, 1850. Published and for sale as above.

This sober and discreet Quarterly gives us first something apparently very curious and well worth reading, on Probabilities; two good historical articles, on the Roman Empire and Pedro the Cruel; a Defence of the African Squadron, showing the deplorable effects which would follow the abandonment of that stupendous attempted blockade; and the usual complement of sundry topics. In "Göthe's Festival," we commend the excellent statement of the creed of this writer—of all false religions the most subtle, the most tempting, the most attractive, from its very approximation to the truth.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. August, 1850. Published and for sale as above.

"African Sporting," and "Leda Rollin on England," we have found the most attractive among the contents of this number. Good counsel, we presume, is given in the article on Landscape Painting; and for the rest, including that on Free Trade and on Courtship in the time of James I, we may readily suppose that they are in keeping with the character and credit of this invaluable, wayward and spicy magazine.

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE for September: New York: Samuel French, publisher.

Our friend, "Old Knick," has been on an excursion to the interior lakes and cities of New York, since we last had the pleasure of sit-

ting at table with him, and gives so fresh and good-humored an account of what he saw and heard along the line of the Erie railroad, that we are put into an extremely pleasant mood with him. His table is seldom better spread than at this present feast; and while this is so, we find upon the side tables a great variety of dishes, supplied by his able corps of regular contributors to his own and his readers' entertainment.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. No. IV. For sale by Frank Taylor, Washington City.

In the lighter portion of its contents this periodical has sustained the spirit with which it commenced, while in the more substantial department it has improved steadily from the first number. There are several articles in the September issue of real value, and one that is alone worth two or three times the cost of the number. We refer here to a paper on "Shooting Stars and Meteoric Showers," which possesses deep interest, and shows how beautifully, intelligently, and philosophically, modern observation and science deal with ancient record and superstition.

A DEFENCE OF THE BARNBURNERS.

WASHINGTON, September 18, 1850.

To the Editor of the National Era:

Your insertion of the recent Convention at Syracuse, I think call for a reply. You charge the Barnburners who participated in the proceedings of that Convention with being guilty of a total abandonment of the principles promulgated in the Buffalo Convention, and contend that they have since been guilty of a total and complete desertion of the cause, and especially by the Baltimore resolutions of 1840-45, on the subject of slavery. You assume that they openly acknowledge to the world that they were wrong, and the Hunker school are right, and that action on this subject. This is a very serious charge to make against a party, and when it is made against a body of men who, for three years, have been subjected to more insult and misrepresentation than any party ever before in our political history, it should be promptly and fully refuted. And the statement of a few simple facts will, I think, accomplish this.

The Baltimore resolutions express the position of the Democracy, on the subject of slavery, past, present, and future. That is, that Congress should not interfere with slavery in the States, or take any measures to suppress it—and the statement of a few simple facts will, I think, accomplish this.

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the State of Missouri re-elected from the pledge to "cooperate" in it. Yours truly, THOMAS H. BENTON.

Mr. John Smith, St. Louis, Mo.

CONGRESS.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1850.

A memorial from printers in Washington re-monstrating against the present contract system was presented by Mr. Clay, and referred to the Committee on Printing.

Mr. Clay then moved an amendment to the bill, which was adopted, providing for the payment of the instalments by the Secretary of the Treasury. This was rejected, and the bill was then passed.

A bill making temporary provision for the working for the government of the nation was considered. On motion of Mr. Ewing, it was so amended as to restrict a permit to work a mine to nine hundred square feet, and to allow of the transfer of permits in certain cases. Mr. Seward moved to amend so as to authorize permits to those who shall have declared their intention to become citizens of the United States. This was amended, on motion of Mr. Dodge of Iowa, so as to require testimonials of good character from such persons, and then agreed to—yeas 21, nays 18—as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Bayl, Benton, Bright, Cooper, Davis of Mississippi, Dayton, Dickinson, Dodge of Wisconsin, Dodge of Iowa, Downs, Ewing, Felch, Foote, Hale, Jones, Norris, Seward, Shields, Smith, Soule, and Walker—21.

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Mr. Seward then moved an amendment to the bill, which was adopted, providing for the payment of the instalments by the Secretary of the Treasury. This was rejected, and the bill was then passed.

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suit to be instituted against Mr. Crawford, for the recovery of money paid him on the Galphin claim, was passed—yeas 142, nays 20.

The Fortification bill was passed.

The bill granting lands to the several States for the relief and support of the indigent persons was taken up.

Mr. Bissell explained the provisions of the bill. It appropriates 6,000,000 acres of public lands, to be divided among the States in the compound ratio of their geographical limits and their representation in the House of Representatives. The area of no one State to be computed at more than fifty thousand square miles. The lands are not to be sold at less than the minimum price, and the proceeds are to be invested in the United States stock, to be forever kept as a permanent fund.

After remarks by several gentlemen, Mr. Burt moved to lay the bill on the table; but the motion did not prevail—yeas 48, nays 107. Pending the question on the engrossment of the bill, the House adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1850.

The House refused to order the bill for the relief of the insane to a third reading, but referred it to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union.

The House took up the bill amendatory to the act providing for the better security of passengers on vessels propelled in whole or in part by steam.

Mr. McLane, who reported the bill from the Committee on Commerce, suggested various amendments, which were agreed to; and it was passed.

[From the reading of the bill we learned that it required, among other things, that every steamboat navigating the waters of the United States shall be provided with life-boats, and a life-preserver for every passenger, always to be kept in readiness for use; no light combustible materials shall be taken on board; all boilers to be examined every six months, and no more passengers to be taken than certain superficial dimensions will warrant. The act to take effect from and after the 1st of April, 1851.]

The Army Appropriation bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and a debate took place on the general subject of extravagance, retrenchment, &c.

Mr. Bayly called attention to the condition of the Treasury, and was proceeding to speak of the sums in the several Appropriation bills, when Mr. Seward called for the entire amount appropriated thus far, for everything?

Mr. Bayly replied, forty-one million four hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars. This did not include the ten millions in the Texas Boundary bill, nor the amendments to the Navy bill, nor did it include the million put into the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill by the Senate; nor the amendments to the Indian Appropriation bill. [A voice: "And they amount to a million?"] Such being the amount of the appropriation, he turned to the condition of the Treasury. The actual receipts to date from all sources, were forty-three millions four hundred thousand dollars. The receipts this year (for reasons which he stated) can hardly be ascertained.

Mr. Bayly then stated that the House had appropriated more than the Treasury had received, and that the House was in a state of insolvency. He then stated that the House had appropriated more than the Treasury had received, and that the House was in a state of insolvency.

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